

# Hood's Cures



Dr. M. Ross

"I was troubled with terrible pain in my back and also had kidney difficulty."

For 27 years I suffered.

I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and began to get better. I have not had an attack since I began to use it. I was also cured of eczema in the head and am now in good health." D. M. Ross, Denison, Iowa.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

## THE VEGETARIAN CREED.

Why Its Professors Believe In A Bill of Fare Without Meat.

One of the causes which have led people to reject the doctrine of vegetarianism is the idea that it is inspired by pieties, religious convictions and monastic mortification. But this is a grave error, for the rational vegetarianism of today is entirely scientific and dictated by the sole desire to follow a system conforming to the laws of nature. It has science on its side, and only the force of habit is opposed to it. The muscles become soft, the size diminishes, humanity degenerates and is kept in working order only by sedatives and tonics. The numerous maladies of the stomach and the festinities, from simple catarrh to the most serious diseases of the organs, are often due to our appetite for meat and other stimulants.

Vegetarianism, as we are told by Dr. Bonney, does not consist solely in vegetable food, but is based on three dietetic axioms. The general rebuilding power lies in cereals, seeds, vegetables, tubers, fruits, eggs, milk and the derivatives. The food, the air and in general everything that is introduced into the body should show absolute purity, freshness and entire absence of falsifications, mixture and adulterations even in the smallest quantities. It is necessary, as far as may be possible, for each one to manufacture his foods and drinks at home in order to reach the desired results.

These are the principal dogmas of the vegetarians. Man is not intended to eat meat. His jaw is made to grind grains and fruits. His hands are made to gather them. The Darwinian theory does not permit us for an instant to doubt the frugivorous nature of man. His intestinal canal is also a proof. In the lion this is three times as long as the body; in man, seven or eight times as long.

The human body is a machine which, to be kept in good working order, should be nourished according to scientific rules and not at the desires of our fancies. Four classes of substances are necessary for the maintenance of life—the albuminoids, the carbohydrates, the fats, the minerals. Now, meat contains but three of these, while the vegetables contain all four. Vegetable food is also necessary for our intellectual life, for as Molechott has said, without phosphorus there is no thought. That phosphorus contained in vegetable food is almost double the quantity contained in animal food. But these are not all the advantages of vegetarianism. Those who believe that meat gives the rose color to the cheeks and lips must be shown their error, for, as Professor Moseley has shown, the amount of iron oxide contained in the vegetables is much greater than that found in meat.

However, vegetarianism is not too presumptuous with regard to its wonderful powers. Its doctrines demand at the same time the constant and intelligent practice of all sorts of hygienic rules. It calls to its aid pure air, light, heat or cold, water, exercise and, commencing with alcohol, the condemnation of all stimulants. In these conditions it is difficult to say which would prove more beneficial, the renunciation of meat or the application of a well understood hygiene. It is, however, indisputable that vegetarianism, at its best, comprises in its accessories many things which make it worthy of general sympathy.—Dr. de Neuville in Review of Reviews.

## Matchmaking Frenchwomen.

It is amusing to see how thoroughly a Frenchwoman is a natural matchmaker, and how she supposes that the search for a "bon parti" must be ever uppermost in the mind of a properly regulated young woman. At a dinner in Paris given by a hostess noted for tact and elaborate entertainments the pretty woman, conveying a tall youth, flattered up to an American girl, saying: "Allow me to present Monsieur N., Miss X; he is to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner." "Taking in a quick little 'saute' behind her fan." "He is worth 10,000 francs, my dear." At the table Miss X discovered her escort to be uninteresting, while her other neighbor, Monsieur T., proved to be most amusing, though a middle aged, plain little man. To him she devoted herself throughout the dinner, continuing the conversation after the drawing room, where the neglected Cressus promptly deserted her.

A short time after, when making her dinner call, the American girl remarked to her hostess that she had found Monsieur T. such a clever man.

"Oh, yes, quite a clever little man. But what did you think of Monsieur N.?" "I failed madame."

"He was rather young, and there didn't seem to be anything particularly interesting about him," replied Miss X, hoping to excuse her evident neglect of her escort at the dinner.

## An Electric Stump Puller.

Space for a foot on a hill near London is being cleared of tree stumps by an electric stump puller or stump puller. The dynamo for supplying the current is about two miles from the hill. The current is taken by overhead wires on telegraph poles to the motor on the grubber carriage. By means of a belt and suitable gearing the motor drives a capstan upon which are coiled a few turns of wire rope. A heavy chain is attached to the tree roots, and as the rope exerts its force the roots come up quickly one after the other.—New York Telegram.

## GOOD WILL BE IN THY HEART.

Good will be in thy heart  
To all who thee surround!  
Bear thou to others' hurt  
And this shall close thy wound;  
So thou on earth and I  
In heaven be closer bound.  
For all my life is love,  
And love thy life should be;  
Oh, let love's shadow, grief,  
Divide not thee and me;  
Look where the dawn rose blooms,  
And there my signal see.  
—Edith Thomas.

## A BRIDAL TRIP.

"And when shall it be, my dear?"  
The speaker was a man who had passed the prime of life, and the lady would certainly never see 35 again, but the glamour of Cupid's influence seemed for the time being to have obliterated all considerations of age, and the happy couple were "bidding and cooking" in the most approved style.

"Oh, not for a long time yet," said the lady coyly, calling up a most becoming blush to her sallow features.

"Shall we say next week?" suggested her lover, with all an ardent swain's impatience.

"Good gracious, no! Next year, more likely," with a little laugh.

"What? Wait a whole year? Not me," was the emphatic if ungrammatical reply. And while the point is being argued let me briefly introduce the hero and heroine of my story.

Place aux dames! Miss Eliza Reed, only daughter of a village parson, had been an orphan for some 20 years, during which time she had resided in the town of Battlemoor, occupying a small villa in the outskirts. Here, with one maid-servant, she lived comfortably on an income of some 300 a year, derived from the savings of the deceased parson, her father.

Mr. George Grant, the gentleman whose impatience she is trying to curb, having devoted 30 years of his life to the pushing of an oil and color business in the Old Kent road, has recently retired from business, and purchased a small place in Battlemoor, where, meeting Miss Reed at one of the "small and early" gatherings for which the elite of the place are famed, he straightway fell in love with her, as the gossips assert, with her fortune. For the ex-oil and color man had only amassed a few thousands, which gave him a yearly income very little exceeding that of the lady, and it is possible that the increased comforts to be derived from a union of resources had quite as much to do with the engagement as the "millionaire's" which is supposed to influence such arrangements.

"Then that's settled," remarked Mr. Grant at length, after some 10 minutes' discussion: "the first Tuesday in September, that will give you nearly two months for preparation. And now, where shall we go for our honeymoon?"

"Oh, where a man you are, to be sure!" exclaimed the lady, with another successful blush.

"Well, we must go somewhere, I suppose," was the matter of fact rejoinder. "I think a week or two at Margate would be just the thing."

"Margate? that vulgar place?" Miss Reed was leader of the gentle set in Battlemoor. "Why, you must be joking, George. No. Let us have a quiet week in Paris, away from everybody. Everything is so cheap in France, you know, and we do not want to begin extravagantly, do we?"

George Grant was rather staggered. He had always been a Parisian, and the very reverse of a cheap place to stay in. In his heart he would much have preferred the homely if vulgar Margate, and he offered some faint opposition to the plan, but it was of no use. He had had his way about the date of the marriage; his fiancée secured hers about the locale of the honeymoon, and he had the loving couple separated that evening it was agreed that the first week of two of their wedded life should be spent in the French capital.

It was the morning of the third day of the honeymoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant were seated at breakfast at their hotel, Lion d'Or, at the Batignolles quarter. A shrewd business man, George Grant had made one or two inquiries from a friend who was used to continental traveling, and had put up at a third rate but fairly comfortable and very economical hotel.

"Not a bad place, this, my dear," he remarked, as he helped himself to another cutlet.

"And really not expensive," returned his wife, with prudent satisfaction. "Now, we will do a little shopping this morning, and you had better let me carry the purse, George, dear. It looks so stupid for a man to have to pay for everything."

Rather reluctantly her husband consented, but with the old business habits, he examined the contents of the purse before handing it over.

"There you are, Lizzie—there's four fivers and four loaves. Mind you make them give you the right money for the notes—that is, if you have to change them. They are worth more than gold, you know."

"Oh, I will take care of that," was the reply. "Though I don't suppose I shall want to spend more than 2 or 3 loaves."

Mentally, George Grant rather doubted this estimate of the cost of a morning's shopping. But it turned out to be correct. They entered numerous shops, and he quite alarmed the prudent couple, and after several hours' wandering, sampling and pricing, they had only purchased some 40 francs' worth of things, chiefly presents for friends in Battlemoor.

Then came lunch at a Palais Royal restaurant—2 francs a head, via compa, et pain a discretion. And then, feeling rather tired, Mr. and Mrs. Grant took a Batignolles omnibus, which landed them within a short distance of their hotel. They left the vehicle and were approaching the Lion d'Or, when the lady suddenly exclaimed:

"The purse—I have lost it!"

of money from his dressing case, Mr. Grant took a fiver and went around to the office of the principal newspapers, in each of which was inserted an advertisement offering a reward of 125 francs for the return of a purse lost in a Batignolles omnibus that afternoon. This done, he returned to the hotel, mingling his attempts to console his sorrowful bride over her loss with very natural comment on the carelessness of women in general.

Breakfast was still on the table on the following morning when the sleek, closely cropped waiter ushered two strangers into the salon occupied by the Grants.

"Something about ze purse, m'sieur," he said, with a broad grin.

One of the newcomers advanced, and with a light bow said in fairly good English:

"My friend here, m'sieur, and he waved his hand toward his companion, "rees a comiss, vot you call a clerk, and he was in ze omnibus last afternoon vhen he see you and your so charming dame"—another bow to Mrs. Grant. "Affaire you are go out he find ze purse on ze floor of ze omnibus. 'E get out immediately, but he not see vich vays you go. Zis morning he see your announce. He not zip Eenglesch, and I come vich vich to interpret."

"You're a couple of honest fellows," ejaculated George Grant impulsively. The interpreter conveyed the remark in French to his companion, and both bowed again. Then the purse was handed to Mr. Grant, who, opening it, counted four 25 francs and some loose gold—about 30 francs.

"Here's the promised reward," he said, holding out one of the notes.

The Frenchman said something rapidly to his companion, who at once remarked: "Ah, zai ze so, monsieur! You can yet another favor do 'em. 'E say zat eet es deeficult for 'em to make ze change of an English note. Could you be so very good to make 'em ze little present in ze French monnaie?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Mr. Grant, and going into the adjoining bedroom he quickly returned with 6 loaves and a 5 franc piece, which the honest finder of the purse received with every sign of satisfaction. More bows, more interpreted expressions of gratitude and compliments to "monsieur," and to his "so charming dame," and the visitors got up.

"There, now, Lizzie. What did I tell you?" was George Grant's triumphant exclamation as the door closed. "That's more than all their clever police would have done in a lifetime. And now I'll tell you what we'll do to celebrate our good luck. We ain't neither of us had much appetite for breakfast this morning. Now, put on your things, my dear, and we'll go down to Tortoni's and 'ave a slappp feed, and just for once a bottle of champagne, eh?"

The breakfast at Tortoni's was a success. Everything from the delicate pawns and golden butter with which the meal commenced down to the demitasses with which it concluded was perfection, and George Grant sighed a sigh of satisfaction as he swallowed the last drop of his coffee. The English speaking waiter brought the bill with a smile and a flourish, only 42 francs 40 centimes.

"You can change a 25 note, I suppose?" asked Mr. Grant as he drew forth the recovered purse.

"Certainly, m'sieur," was the man's reply as he took the note, but he was a very long time bringing the change. There was an animated discussion at the comptoir; then the waiter, accompanied by the proprietor, approached the little table where the Grants were seated.

"This is a bad note, sir; what you call a forgery," said the waiter coolly.

"A what?" cried George Grant indignantly. "A bad note? Come, that is a good joke. Still here is another, if you don't like that," and again producing the purse he selected at random one of the three fivers remaining in it. But as he did so his face blanched. It was a "fash" note, and a very poorly executed one too. So were the other two. And suddenly it dawned upon his brain that the honest visitors of the morning were two clever thieves, who had not only secured the original booty, but had actually obtained good French gold for one of their own forged substitutes.

How the indignant proprietor of Tortoni's called in a couple of gendarmes and gave the astonished pair into custody on a charge of attempting to pass false money, how they were conducted to the nearest police station; how poor Lizzie Grant promptly fainted on seeing how her husband had raved and threatened every official with dire retribution for the insult to an Englishman; how they were locked up for 24 hours and only released on production of indisputable proof of identity and no end of "badgering" from the police officials; space will not permit me to record. Suffice it to say that within a dozen hours of being set free Mr. and Mrs. Grant were crossing the silver streak in the direction of Albion's white cliffs, and that were they to live to the age of Methuselah nothing would ever tempt them to visit that "awful Paris" again.—Exchange.

## YOU DON'T KNOW

what a comfort it is to have ready at hand a remedy that never fails to relieve Constipation, and that, without pain or discomfort; and almost immediately cures headaches, and dispels every symptom of Dyspepsia. Such a remedy is found in Simmons' Liver Regulator—not a sweetened compound to nauseate, or an intoxicating beverage to cultivate an alcoholic appetite, but a medicine pleasant to the taste, and perfectly harmless when given to the smallest child. S. L. R. never disappoints. It possesses the virtues and perfections of a reliable remedy of the kind endorsed by eminent physicians.

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## Leading Money as a Stranger.

One morning Mr. Alcott was breakfasting in Boston, when the bell rang, and a stranger came in with the words that he wished to see him.

"Mr. Alcott," said the man when they met, "you do not know me and will be surprised to learn why I have called upon you. I am in business here and am very much in want of \$5, which I will repay as soon as I can. Will you lend it to me?"

Here, thought Mr. Alcott, was an opportunity of testing his favorite theory of human nature that all men may be trusted. He took out his pocketbook instantly.

"I have no \$5 bill," said he, "but here is \$10. Take this."

The man looked surprised, but accepted the money and went his way. His creditor did not even take the trouble to ask his name, and was for months incessantly troubled by his friends, who would inquire when he expected to be repaid. More than six months afterward, at the same hour of the day, the man appeared again, saying:

"Mr. Alcott, I haven't forgotten that you lent me \$10 when I only wanted \$5. I have called to pay you, and I wish you would add the interest."

This the creditor declined to do, but received his principal and suffered his debtor to go away again without asking his name. Some weeks afterward he told the story in a Boston counting house and learned on describing the appearance of his visitor that he was a notorious confidence man who, in this instance, had apparently found the simple trust of the philosopher too much for even his professional villainy to withstand.—Youth's Companion.

## The Delicious Heliotrope.

For its delicious fragrance and choice colors, the heliotrope has become one of the most popular pot plants. Not only is the heliotrope a universal favorite for indoor decoration, but it has become deservedly popular as an outdoor decorator, as a border plant, or, when properly trained, specimen plant. Potted in fibrous soil and given plenty of water, with an occasional dose of liquid manure water, the heliotrope may be made to bloom in the house the year round. As the heliotrope is not an erect grower, a better form and shape may be given to the plant by tying it to a trellis and growing it to the required size. If a bushy plant is desired, it may be pinched in until the required shape is obtained. As the roots of the heliotrope grow close and compact, it will require a generous supply of water—in fact, it is best to saturate the whole ball of soil thoroughly. A weak liquid manure may be applied twice each week as a stimulant, both for plant food and water.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Literary Restrictions In Turkey.

In speaking of the restrictions on imported literature in Turkey, the Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark says: "Some of these objections to current literature are silly and puerile enough. A textbook on chemistry was recently forbidden because it contained the familiar formula H<sub>2</sub>O, which was claimed by the ignorant censor to mean Hamid II (the reigning sultan) is nothing. A geographical textbook, which naturally contained allusions to the 'union of rivers,' was condemned because the sultan does not wish his people to know anything about union or combination, while a treatise on natural history was forbidden because it contained a chapter on snakes. It was supposed to contain some occult allusion to the sultan's palace, which is named the Star."—Chicago Tribune.



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# BALD HEADS!



What is the condition of yours? Is your hair dry, harsh, brittle? Does it split at the ends? Has it a lifeless appearance? Does it fall out when combed or brushed? Is it full of dandruff? Does your scalp itch? Is it dry or in a heated condition? If these are some of your symptoms be warned in time or you will become bald.

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